

Bunker-Hill BATTLE

A Song for June 17, 1843.

Two armies met on Bunker Hill,
In seventeen seventy-five,
And there they did each other kill,
Except what did survive.
Two Christian nations went to war,
The mother and the daughter,
And there they fought like bloodhounds, for
They caused a dreadful slaughter.
Though some affirm, as well they may,
The daughter got a whipping,
'Tis known, the mother skulked away,
And went on board her shipping.
The dead and dying, horrid sight!
Lay there in sad confusion,
And we've been told, that on that height,
Commenced the Revolution.
We shall not undertake in verse
To sketch the facts in full,
But merely some few deeds rehearse,
Which interest John Bull.
King George's lordlings long had tried,
We mean, "the upper crust,"
To rule o'er us with lordly pride,
And treat us in the dust.
A stamp act tax they dared impose
On every piece of paper;
But soon the Yankee nation rose,
And stopped their foolish caper.
They sought an odious tax to lay
On every pound of tea;
But some brave Yankees went one day,
And threw it in the sea.
In divers ways they tried to make
Of us a sort of chowder;
And used all methods they could take,
To grind us into powder.
But what a sad mistake they made,
To think we should submit!
We never felt the least afraid;
We've got the real "grit."
To send their "Regulars" they dared,
To make us acquiesce;
But Johnny found us quite prepared
To meet them, so I guess.
To Lexington with rapid speed
Their troops one morn did rush,
And met some farmers there indeed,
With whom they had a "brush."
To Concord they pursued their way,
In hopes to find some plunder;
And back again they marched that day,
But how they did, I wonder.
A few brave Yankees lost their lives
At Lexington that day,
Who left behind them weeping wives
To mourn their lives away.

The British said, our doom was sealed,
If they but spoke the word,
But Yankees did not care to yield
To tyrant George the Third.
No, no, they ventured to declare,
They never would be slaves,
While they a blunderbuss could bear,
Or ocean rolled its waves.
With "Regulars" they manied each fort,
And told us to obey,
Or they would close at once our port,
And take our trade away.
They thought this threat would make us yield,
And bring us to submission;
But Yankees chose the sword to wield,
Disdaining such condition.
They labored hard, but all in vain.
To bring us to their terms,
Their purpose was, should we complain,
To tread us down like worms.
For all our sufferings we may thank
Their lordships North and Bute;
Though they were men of highest rank,
They sunk to low repute.
The Colonists they viewed with hate,
And meanest arts employed,
The "rebels" thus to subjugate,
That they might be destroyed.
To all our pleadings they were dumb,
And still kept up aggression,
In hopes the Yankees would succumb,
And meekly bear oppression.
Their cruel acts and scornful spite
For ten long years we bore,
Until we were compelled to fight,
As has been said before.
To mark the spot, where Warren fell,
Among his brave compeers,
A Column has been reared to tell
To all in coming years.
That Monument is now complete,
Which all delight to see,
And round its base this day we meet,
To hold a Jubilee.
Since then commenced the Revolution,
We also meet to hear
The Champion of the Constitution,
Webster, that name so dear.
In powerful language he'll portray
The fight on Bunker Hill,
And there such eloquence display
As through each heart must thrill.
For, "our whole country" is his theme,
Which fills his very soul;
A locomotive urged by steam,
Which nothing can control.

A living Monument he'll stand
Beside that Pile of stone,
Reflecting lustre on the land,
Which claims him as her own.
That Structure towering to the sky,
Colossal, grand, sublime;
Appears, as if it would defy
The fierce assaults of time.
But, while that Monument so grand
Shall moulder and decay,
His fame shall shine through every land,
With undiminished ray.
Distinguished men of highest grade
In crowds will flock to hear
Him, who a Treaty lately made,
Judicious, wise and clear.
The Head of this enlightened nation,
John Tyler, will be there,
And occupy the highest station,
Close by the Speaker's chair.
Van Buren too perhaps may come,
But that's uncertain yet;
His presence would give joy to some,
To some 'twould cause regret.
A multitude, which none can count,
The aged, young and fair,
Today will stand upon that Mount,
And in the pleasure share.
And all the Monument will view
With wonder and delight,
And give to those the honor due,
Who fell on Bunker's height.
And those, if any should be there,
Who helped to make us free,
With glad and beating hearts will share
In this day's Jubilee.
Just sixty-eight years now this day,
On which the heavens smile,
They've been permitted here to stay,
To view this finished Pile,
Whose corner stone by Lafayette,
Was laid in twenty-five;
A name, which none will e'er forget,
Of those, who still survive.
And he, this Monument who built,
With so much art and skill,
To mark the spot, where blood was spilt,
On Bunker's far-famed Hill,
Shall have his share of well-earned fame,
Which freemen ever give;
And hear them shout with loud acclaim
Long, long may Savage live.
And now may those, who read this song,
Forget it not too soon,
That they may all remember long
The seventeenth day of June.